

LITERATURE

HISTORY

NATURE

TRAVEL

THE MENTOR

DECEMBER, 1920

T. WINSLOW HIGH SCHOOL
Cook County, Illinois

PAINTERS OF AMERICAN HOME LIFE

A Christmas Number Devoted to the Home

By LORINDA M. BRYANT

Author and Critic

OLD FAVORITES, beautiful gravure reproductions of famous paintings, "Homekeeping Hearts Are Happiest," "Breaking Home Ties," "Cosy Corner" and others. The story of these pictures and the artists who painted them.

THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS told in special articles in this number.

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JANUARY MENTOR A VISIT TO PORTO RICO

With DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

PORTO RICO is not only one of the scenic beauty spots of the world, but it is also an amazing natural wonder. The island is made up of the summits of oceanic mountains. Together with Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica and other West Indian islands, it is part of a mountain chain that is now entirely submerged, and which extends under the ocean as far as the Isthmus of Panama. This mountain chain rises a little north of Porto Rico almost perpendicularly from the depths of the ocean 27,000 feet to sea level—then thousands of feet in the air above water. The depths of water around Porto Rico are the greatest known.

In the January number of The Mentor Mr. Elmendorf gives a delightful account of a visit to Porto Rico, accompanied by many beautiful pictures and interesting sub-articles, descriptive of various phases of Porto Rican life. In this superb number Porto Rico is seen not only as a beautiful island of the West Indies, but also as a new member of Uncle Sam's family. Most interesting and instructive accounts are given of the history of the island from its discovery by Columbus down to the surrender of it by the Spanish in 1898, with clear, simple accounts of the progressive work done in developing the Island, the improvements in government, education, hygiene, and business methods. A rich, entertaining, instructive and beautifully illustrated number.

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PAINTERS OF AMERICAN HOME LIFE



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MOTHER AND CHILD

In painting this exquisite conception of maternity, George de Forest Brush has given us portraits of his own wife and child. Pictures of similar design and appeal, by the same artist, and with the same models, are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, and the Corcoran Gallery, Washington



Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries

THE FAMILY, BY IVAN G. OLINSKY

*Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again—
Gaze upon her living eyes,
Mirror back her love for thee.*

THE MENTOR

VOL. 8

SERIAL NUMBER 214

No. 18

PROVISO TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL
Cook County, Illinois

PAINTERS OF AMERICAN HOME LIFE

BY

LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT

Author of "American Pictures and their Painters," "What Pictures to See in Europe," etc.

NOTHING is more wholesome in the art of our American painters than their home pictures. In these the artists delight to emphasize the subtle influence of simple incidents in our daily lives.

A new home begins with the marriage ceremony, under the law, and rightfully ends in eternity. Vitally important as the ceremony is, it is so largely conventional that an interesting picture of it is not easy to make.

Originality of arrangement in recording a wedding, except in a very limited degree, is impossible, yet Gari Melchers has achieved success by picturing the very formality of the marriage ceremony. He has gripped the fundamentals of marriage. No one can look at his picture of "Marriage" without feeling the simple, elemental truths underlying the beginnings of a home—faith, self-control and constancy. That young man and young woman, now man and wife, are bigger than the conventional sur-

roundings because Mr. Melchers sees deeper than orange blossoms and veil, dress suit and button-hole bouquet.

Mr. Melchers' home scenes are simply deluged with color—they are a riot of rainbow tints. In fact, we would be impatient at the prodigality in this day of simple decoration were we not overpowered by the personality of the individuals in the homes he paints.

Mr. Melchers is a native of Detroit. He was trained in Paris but, contrary to his critics of a quarter century ago, Americanism is most pronounced in the splendid vigor of his art.

Carl Marr, a native of Milwaukee, never painted anything finer than the picture called "Silent Devotion." The play of light on the young wife's figure is a master-stroke. Her simple dress is beautiful in its fitness, and the expression of detachment in face and posture gives a sense of spiritual insight untroubled by questioning doubts. How forcefully the forgotten

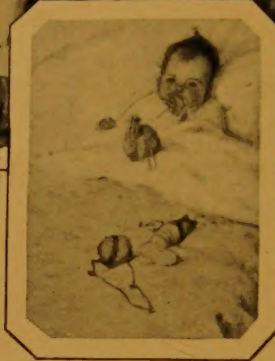


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HAPPY DAYS
BY ELIZABETH NOURSE



ELEANOR WITH HER DOLL
BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER



Copyright Gutmann and Gutmann

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS
BY ELIZABETH GUTMANN

pipe and unturned leaves tell of the quickened interest in the Scriptures!

John W. Alexander holds a unique place in American art. He was a law unto himself, and yet was not erratic in an age of many strange art movements. His remarkable perception of color value, of atmospheric effect and of decorative pattern made him specially sensitive to pictorial quality. His pictures always have the charm of originality. In fact, his portrayal of personality is so pronounced that the term "Alexandrian" has been coined to express his peculiar genius. This is as true in little daily incidents as in the sketch of the father, mother and baby (page 12). A father stops to look at his baby and then imprints a kiss on the uplifted head of the mother before he passes on.

It would be difficult to think of Alexander as not belonging to the ages. His portraits are masterpieces of simplicity.

Often the main canvas is scarcely more than stained, yet the whole picture is full of the quivering vitality of life.

Elizabeth Nourse, though she resembles Mary Cassatt in her art work, is as individual in her way of working as the older woman herself. The composition of the little family group in "Happy Days" and the broad handling of the coarse simple clothes are obvious touches of Miss Nourse's art. She always chooses homely, everyday incidents to illustrate special problems of living. Sentimental nonsense finds no place in her dealing with children. Her firm, sure brush-work brings to the front the common sense of steady home-training. Her



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MARRIED
BY GARI MELCHERS



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

TWO BOYS, BY ALBERT HERTER

work is taking firm hold of the seeing public because it is founded on true lines.

George DeForest Brush has given us pictures of Mrs. Brush and their children, beginning with the first baby and continuing until five very much alive youngsters look out at us in roguish appeal. Was ever a home more overflowing with restless, frolicsome jubilation than radiates from these young models?

Mr. Brush's intimate knowledge of his own growing family is reflected in his numerous pictures of the development of the little group. Here is an artist who is ever calling our attention to the undertones that are directing and molding the future citizen, under the watchful care of the parents' eye.

GROWING UP IN THE HOME

When Ivan Olinsky painted "The Family" he betrayed his adoption of American ideals. The mother and two children

have the traits that true freedom brings to family life. In whatever Mr. Olinsky portrays, his color is rich and warm, his people are alive and his composition is that of one who glimpses pictures in fleeting events.

Cecilia Beaux is particularly happy in her pictures of youth. Her young people live, not as types, but as ones to be reckoned with in the home. Ernesta, (in the Metropolitan Museum of Art), shows Miss Beaux' wonderful skill in picturing character. What a wholesome ideal of the American girl the artist has given us. Simple in dress, controlled in

manner, alert to the call of the hour. The artist's interpretation of youth with her white palette full of light is as vital and distinct as youth itself.

As we look at the Gilder sisters in "The Dancing Lesson," we sense the rhythm of the gliding steps, the lights and shades of the falling folds and balancing figures. The canvas is full of color



THE DANCING LESSON
BY CECILIA BEAUX



SILENT DEVOTION, BY CARL MARR

and movement. Never has Miss Beaux made a more winsome picture.

Was ever a window-seat fuller of young America than this one, showing "Two Boys" taking their ease at home? Albert Herter has caught the spirit of indolence that Youth so naturally assumes. There is nothing of the weakling in these splendid specimens of growing young animals. Mr. Herter, though specially interested in illustrative work, has nevertheless given in these boys' portraits likenesses that help us to understand better those tender words of Wordsworth in "The Brothers":—

*They, notwithstanding, had much love to spare,
And it all went into each other's heart.*

When Whistler reveals inherited tendencies the psychologist may well take notice. Grandmother, mother, granddaughter, could no more be divorced from each in these pictures, "At the Piano" and "My Mother," than the artist himself was divorced from America because he ended his days in Europe. It was my privilege

to hear John W. Alexander say in substance holding a letter from Whistler in his hand:

"Whistler told his mother upon leaving America that he would come home to her when he had made a success—but financial success did not come and that kept him from returning to America." His mother went to him and they now lie side by side over there. It was twenty years before his

mother's picture found a purchaser—then the French nation bought it for the Luxembourg Museum. It was offered to us for five hundred dollars but we, in our stupidity, refused a masterpiece.

The poise of the head is the same in the mother playing the piano and the child listening as that of the grandmother who is hearing lingering melodies long since past. As we look into the faces of the three generations we see that Whistler has no



AT THE PIANO
BY JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER

only painted portraits of his mother, his sister (Mrs. Seymour Haden), and his niece, but that he has gently revealed something of his own inner self.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE CHILDREN IN THE HOME

Bulging stockings, eager children flitting about, and a tree twinkling with lighted candles and silver stars appears. We all look forward to Christmas morning. Why? Because of the children—God bless them.

Elizabeth Gutmann has captivated our hearts with her children—and they are *her* children, too. She first began with her nieces, lovely pictures they were; but these later darlings are her own. We may be sure that "The First Christmas" is the beginning of a series of happy Christmas mornings in the life of this little tot.

Mrs. Gutmann has illustrated many books. "But," she said, several years



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE DAUGHTER'S RETURN, BY ROBERT MACCAMERON

ago, "I think—in fact, I am sure—that I prefer originating subjects to illustrating incidents already begotten. I love children and I love to sketch them."

Again John W. Alexander compels our attention by his lovely little daughter and her doll. It was my joy to see this portrait of "Eleanor and her Doll," when first exhibited in New York City about 1903. It delighted the public. As a picture this is one of Alexander's most charming productions.

An Englishman once said of John Singer Sargent, "As the Americans say, 'he works like a steam engine.'" Really the children in his portrait picture—The Misses Boit—act as though they were hypnotized, watching him as he "dashes it off right carelessly." Certainly this is "arrested action," in truth. And what a lovely pattern, decorative in every particular! The dress of the little girls is simplicity itself. Then the room—the tall vase. Who but Mr.



In the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris

PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER
BY JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER



THE MISSES BOIT, BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT

Sargent would have thought of a scattered group or would have dared to paint it if they had? Scattered! Those children are so vital that they actually live before our eyes.

The spontaneity of William M. Chase's pictures is one of their greatest charms. Someone laughingly said that his household was ever in a state of preparedness so that no sudden inspiration of his should be

lost for lack of a subject. One can easily believe it, for he has literally caught this group unawares in a never-to-be-forgotten picture. It has all the elements of a great picture as Mr. Chase himself states them. He said, "I maintain that they are three in number—truth, interesting treatment, and quality." We may add "home-spirit" to his list in this particular picture.



THREE FRIENDS, BY JOSEPH DE CAMP

Mr. Chase's quick perception of just the right moment in catching the natural pose, was amusingly illustrated by his little daughter. One day as she stood by the window looking at the sky, she called, "Papa, come quickly! here's a cloud posing for you."

Mr. Chase always stood for dignified reserve and insistent originality, both as teacher and artist.

SPECIAL SCENES IN THE HOME

Memory is constantly registering bits of home life that later "flash upon that inward eye," and when artists with quickened perceptions portray these special scenes a haunting sense of the actual occurrence warms our hearts. The young women pouring tea and reading the leaves, as William M. Paxton pictures them, almost photographically, bring before



THE PICTURE BOOK, BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

us many an afternoon of friendly chat Over the Teacups.

Edmund C. Tarbell's mastery of interiors is most effective. Mr. Tarbell's art receives full appreciation on another page of this issue, with reproductions of two of his best known pictures.

A charming home center where the sentiment of loyalty is paramount I found in "The Jewel Box" (page 28). A home setting of his own, of rare bits of old masterpieces, of luscious colored stuffs, of tea table presided over by a winsome wife, of a joyous child just hovering at the border of her teens, are the incentives that prompt Henry R. Rittenberg to paint such scenes as the jewel box. Mr. Rittenberg unites, "Beauty of

color, harmony of line, grace of form, symmetry of design," in this exquisitely feminine scene.

Mr. Rittenberg's sympathetic understanding of the problems of life enables him to appreciate moods and probe motives in his sitters. This, combined with his deep and intelligent love of human beings, is bringing to him a penetration that is giving out big things in his art. He is still

young in years and growing in knowledge.

Joseph De Camp was a pupil of Frank Duveneck and consequently his initial training savors of Munich, though his own individuality has saved him from the deadening influence of modern German art. When

Mr. De Camp paints a portrait it is a physical likeness of the individual, but not always a picture. If it were not for the composition and picture of a real boy these three friends could hardly hold us. But that boy alone compels our attention. He is the real actor, the others are very much "posed."

A MINOR NOTE IN THE HOME

When Robert MacCameron painted "The Daughter's Return" he touched a cord in the



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

ERNESTA

BY CECILIA BEAUX

parent-heart of all countries and all time. Few have recorded that age-old problem more gently. The mother-pity that sought out the child, yet held firm to the principle, "go, sin no more," is stamped on the wrinkled face and set chin; the crushed and bleeding heart of the doting father, who could believe no wrong of his favorite, and the strange look of mingled grief and desperate, clinging faith in the face of the daughter, make a most affecting picture.

Is this really a minor note that Robert Spencer has given us in "The Auction"? Is it not rather the breaking up of former customs to give scope to a bigger life outside the old narrow limits? What character study is in this gathering! The larger boy might well be Mr. Spencer himself, when school days were most distasteful but life lessons were sinking deep into his soul, lessons that have borne marvelous fruit in his pictures of the homely, the commonplace and the humble. Nothing is unlovely under his brush.

Mr. Spencer, born in Harvard, Nebraska, 1879, is opening our eyes to the beauties of many a canal front,



THE AUCTION, BY ROBERT SPENCER

broken bridge and weather-beaten home. We need such strong, robust painters to teach us the real worth of the simple, ordinary things of life.

HOME CENTERS

Eastman Johnson's pictures of the Old South can never be duplicated. They are authentic records of old slave quarters preserving the picturesque quaintness of the time before the Civil War.

Mr. Johnson's "Old Kentucky Home," reproduced in this number, is a typical example of his art.

When William L. Taylor painted "Mammy" he gave us a masterpiece. The simplicity of the scene is its strength. That warm glow from the open fire illuminating the dainty gown of the lovely Southern beauty and shadowing the old



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

TEA LEAVES
BY WILLIAM M. PAXTON



Copyright, 1901, The Curtis Publishing Co.

THE PASSING OF THE FARM, BY W. L. TAYLOR

mammy against the wall of the room, opens long vistas in our minds, of other open fires—tender memories of home life and family love.

Many of our artists are giving us intimate pictures of home centers, in various parts of our country. Possibly no one is doing more to help us understand our really true native Americans in the mountains and valleys of Kentucky than James R. Hopkins, whose work is described elsewhere in this number. He went into the Cumberlands in search of the picturesque and remained as the friend and revealer of that rugged, strange people.

Then we have artists living among the Indians interpreting for us their strength and helping them

against inherited tendencies. Of course the picture quality comes first with the true artist, but his habit of looking into the soul of life gives him the power of revealing the meaning of things beyond what we see.

Other artists are using crowded city centers and by their pictures of home life and living conditions—wonderful just as pictures—

are opening our eyes and hearts to the human element in life. Hovenden in his "Breaking Home Ties" and Millet's "Cosy Corner" are not more eloquent in the home call than are all artists who see life in the living. We need our artists. They lift us out of the sordid and give us visions of Beauty and of Truth to interpret the good in civilization.



THE FAMILY
FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN W.
ALEXANDER



PRIVATELY OWNED. COPYRIGHT, H. E. MONTROSS, NEW YORK

GIRL CROCHETING. BY EDMUND C. TARBELL

EASTMAN JOHNSON



THE pioneer among painters of domestic American scenes was Eastman Johnson, born in Lovell, Maine, in 1824. When still in his teens he had the privilege of painting the portraits of some of the most celebrated men in New England. Many of his distinguished sitters were friends of his father, who for thirty years held the office of Secretary of State in Maine. As someone has remarked, the voluminous collection of paintings left by Eastman Johnson was really a record of his own life, from his student days abroad to the time of his death at the venerable age of eighty-two, when he was still at the height of his powers. For years he traveled widely, and everywhere he went he painted impressions of the people he saw.

Among various contrasting groups of *genre* (domestic) pictures are a number of scenes related to Indian life in the Lake Superior country. During the early sixties it was the artist's habit to spend the winter in the New England woods and the summer months in the South, painting battlefields and Southern folk scenes. What a joyous revel is "Old Kentucky Home"—darkies singing and courting beneath tumble-down balconies, while, unseen, the young mistress of the "big house" looks on. And how tempting is the "Call to Dinner"! The ample figure in the open cottage appetizingly suggests an ability to bring corn cake and chicken to just the right shade of golden brown.

When we leave these sunny pictures and go North with Eastman Johnson, we find him equally happy in portraying "The Corn Husker," "The Cranberry Harvest," and the typical life of Maine sugar camps. When he was making ready to paint the important canvas, "Sugaring Off," he had a cabin built on wheels and warmed by a stove. In this he drove about from one maple sugar camp to another, and made sketches, at his convenience, of the sap-gatherers and the men that boiled the juice of the trees, and of the girls and boys that made merry about the fires and the great syrup kettles, and carried on their love affairs under the snow-laden boughs of the maple trees.

Quite as interesting in their way are this artist's pictures of old-time kitchens, among them the kitchen at Mount Vernon before the mansion was restored. One of the pictures best known to American children is of the boy Lincoln reading by the light of the hearthfire in his frontier home.

No painter ever had a more sincere love of home life than Eastman Johnson. How intimately he conveys the feeling of naive excitement in such paintings as "Hide and Seek" and "Children Playing in a Barn"; and with what complete understanding he has entered into the pleasure of the hilarious group disporting themselves about the Old Stagecoach, abandoned in a farmyard.



FRANCIS D. MILLET



AN artist greatly loved by men of various ages and conditions of life was Francis David Millet, familiarly known to his circle of admirers on both sides of the Atlantic as "Frank" Millet. There was world-wide mourning when the wires carried the news in April, 1912, that he had gone down on the *Titanic*. At the time, he was returning from Rome, where he was director of the American Academy of Art—a position for which he was eminently suited as a capable artist and equally efficient executive.

"Frank" Millet came of stirring old colony stock. Like Eastman Johnson, he was a native of Maine. His birth date was November 3, 1846. His mother was a descendant of John Alden and other vigorous New England pioneers. From her he inherited his sparkling dark eyes and vivid nature. He was a man companionable, scholarly, witty, and strikingly gifted in being able to do well whatever he turned his attention to. He seemed as well suited to the career of a practical business man as to the life of an artist. An achievement that brought him to favorable popular notice was the direction of Decorations and Entertainment at the World's Fair, Chicago. The rapidity with which he accomplished his broad-sweeping plans; his genial, democratic methods in dealing with hundreds of employees, and the genius displayed in the mural works he executed for great Exposition halls won enthusiastic appreciation from his associates and from visitors at the Fair.

In his youth Millet studied at Harvard, and then did newspaper work. He made his mark as a war correspondent during the war between Russia and Turkey, 1877-1878. William Dean Howells was so impressed by his literary style that he urged him to give up his ambition to become an artist, and devote himself to writing short stories; but the versatile Millet could not resist the impulse to paint. As a student at the Royal Academy at Antwerp he gained honor medals early in his course.

While traveling in England, the American painter was attracted by an old abbey in the ancient village of Broadway, Worcestershire. He bought and restored it, and there, amid idyllic surroundings, he painted a number of interiors of the time of the Puritans. His pictures tell a story with so sure and appealing a touch that reproductions of his canvases have found a place in many of our homes. Those that have had widest sale are scenes of old-time life—white-washed rooms, peopled by men and maids in seventeenth and eighteenth-century costume, and quiet corners that invite one to muse upon the charm of bygone days.



THOMAS HOVENDEN



A STORY-PICTURE as popular as any ever exhibited in America is Thomas Hovenden's "Breaking Home Ties." In this portrayal of a simple but moving incident in the family circle Hovenden reached the height of his ability as an interpreter of homely sentiment. He painted a diversity of subjects,—varying from "Brittany Woman Spinning" to the somewhat fearsome "Last Moments of John Brown." But he had special appeal as a painter of domestic life; and, because of this gift, he has a prominent place among Painters of American Home Life, though he was not an American by birth.

Thomas Hovenden was a native of County Cork, Ireland. In the year 1863, when he was twenty-three, the young Irishman crossed the ocean, and, establishing himself in New York, worked at the old Academy of Design. A few years later he went to Paris and studied at the renowned School of Fine Arts. When his apprenticeship was ended he cast about to find a congenial field for his artistic endeavor. But in this he was for some time unsuccessful. He lived in picturesque parts of France and painted interiors and landscapes. His ambitious canvas, "Elaine," was a complex composition of figures, but was criticized as being "laborious and frigid." Hovenden's experience shows how vital it is for an artist to select the right medium for the expression of his talents. His work attracted only passing attention until he began to produce a series of pictures of Negro life in the South. These studies were not always as effective as Eastman Johnson's, yet they truthfully reflected the amusing habits of the darkies. "Dat Possum Smell Pow'ful Good," "Chloe and Sam," and "Dem Was Good Old Times" were followed by "The Village Blacksmith" and "In from the Meadows."

It is not given to many artists to touch the heart of poor and rich, old and young as Thomas Hovenden touched America's heart through his now famous canvas, "Breaking Home Ties." In the summer and fall of 1893 there were few visitors to the Chicago Columbian Exposition that returned to their homes without the name of this picture on their lips. Its appeal was as universal as mother love and youth's ambition. In the gallery where it hung, there was always a press of people who scanned with eager sympathy the features of the mother and her son, saying their dry-eyed farewell. "Bringing Home the Bride" was another favorite of the public at the Fair. Two years later this kindly, gifted artist sacrificed his life in attempting to save a little girl from death beneath the wheels of a locomotive, near Norristown, Pennsylvania.

BREAKING HOME TIES. BY THOMAS HOWENDEI





HAULING IN THE CHRISTMAS TREE
BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD



BREAKFAST
BY ELIZABETH P. GUTMANN
CURTIS & CAMERON, PUBL.



CHRISTMAS EVE, BY LEON MORAN

AMONG artists that have pictured American life, no one has found a larger and more appreciative public than A. B. Frost. Royal Cortissoz, writer on art subjects, calls him "a social historian, whose work is not only an expression of his own temperament, but also of much that goes to make up our daily life. To be in the company of his pictures is like being in the company of human beings we all know, with the difference that Mr. Frost never fails to make the experience amusing. The picture printed above is a characteristic example of Mr. Frost's vividly realistic art. His figures do not

live because they have charm. They have charm because they are alive. Who has drawn the typical gaunt farmer of the countryside, the bearded and becapidler around the stove of the crossroad store, the sunbonneted maids and wives



AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS
BY R. CATON WOODVILLE

OR
AYS
ORY OF
GAME
FROST
D BY
OLLIEN'S



SUPPER

BY E. G. FOSBERY

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CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH. BY E. D. STEVENS

New England and their rural gatherings with the truth and humor of Arthur Frost?"

Born in Philadelphia, Frost worked as a boy in a lithographer's shop. He was plodding along, a shy youth, ambitious but without self confidence, when he met a

friend who started him down the road to a prosperous career. He secured for his young protégé a place on the *New York Graphic* in 1875. Later, Frost worked in the art department at Harper and Brothers, with E. A. Abbey, John W. Alexander, and Charles Reinhart as fellow illustrators. He discovered in himself a vein of homely sentiment, and resolved to make his name as a portrayer of everyday American types.

Frost holds a distinguished place in American illustrative art: His subjects range from negro life to the sport of gentleman hunters and their dogs. As a pen-and-brush humorist he is without a superior.

JULIAN ALDEN WEIR



IN a manner all his own, J. Alden Weir put on canvas the cheerful comfort of the farmhouse, the wholesome tints of planted fields, the warmth of the sun quivering above New England pastures. With equal skill he individualized the brown, straight-limbed men that till the fields. Such canvases as "Ploughing for Buckwheat," "Upland Pasture," and "Midday Rest in New England" speak to us in the strongest personal accents. We know them for our own. This painter expressed himself in terms that were understandable to his own countrymen. He studied for a

time in Europe, but when he came home he painted the life of the people about him—not pictures of the places he had left behind, as so many American artists do.

As a boy, Alden Weir grew up at West Point, where his father, Robert W. Weir, was for forty-two years instructor in drawing at the Military Academy. An older brother, John Ferguson Weir, has been director of the Art School at Yale University since 1869, and is represented in various American museums by works in both painting and sculpture.

"Refinement of conception,—robust yet subtle," marked the pictures turned out by Weir as a pupil under the great Gérôme, in Paris. He drew inspiration from the work of French painters who in their time were thought revolutionary in their handling of light and color. He got impressionistic effects, but without radical methods. That was the charm of Weir—his ability to take the good from a variety of methods and conform it to his own tastes and ideas. His paintings of American women, and homes, and outdoor scenes are executed with such skill that the casual observer is unconscious of the amazing technic underlying them. He wove a tapestry of beautiful tones suggesting harmony and spirituality—characteristics that invariably distinguished the creations of his long and notable career.

Weir was born in 1852 and died in December, 1919. He had great distinction as a painter, and was frequently honored by awards and commissions. One of the honors that came to him late in life was the presidency of the National Academy. "There was no one like Weir," says a life-long friend. "He was a master artist, and a master of hearts as well—always ready to help wherever he could. Outside his studio he was happiest fishing, and as an angler he was as canny as Izaak Walton himself."

Weir was sincerely admired by painters of all schools. Though he was markedly individual, he was never an extremist, and his genius for bringing out the native beauty of every vision he transcribed to canvas set him high above the rank and file of the American school of painters.



WILLIAM LADD TAYLOR



AS an-illustrator of American life and an artist of exceptional attainments, William Ladd Taylor has a special claim to be named among the group of American painters that have commemorated scenes essentially national. "To paint pictures of vital human interest and sentiment, coupled with pictorial possibilities," is his avowed delight. His types, "as veracious as they are interesting," have been drawn from the life of New England, the South, and the West. It is his sympathy with the emotions of everyday folk and his perception of romance in plain places that have won for his pictures their place in our esteem. It has been with him a labor of love to present with fidelity the environment, manners and costumes of times that have all too quickly vanished. "His figures stand firmly on their feet," says an appreciative critic. "They move, live, act, and feel. His pictures have the true ring of nationality. The series devoted to the Nineteenth Century in New England has peculiar value as an historical record in pictorial form of a period of enormous importance. Equally precious, as documents in the history of the conquest of the American continent, is the series of the West, depicting pioneer home-makers. A charming, romantic phase of American life and history is recorded in the series entitled, 'Those Days in Old Virginia.'"

The most beloved of Mr. Taylor's illustrative works are those comprised in the two Longfellow groups, among them, "The Children's Hour," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "The Hanging of the Crane" (one of the most familiar of home pictures), and "Home-Keeping Hearts are Happiest."

This artist, who has listened with so acute an ear to the pulse-beat of national sentiment, was born in 1854 in Grafton, Massachusetts. His art education was obtained in Boston, New York and Paris. His home is in the delightful old town of Wellesley, in his native State. Asked to name his own favorite among his pictures Mr. Taylor replies, "A man's opinion of his own work may have little value, but, although it is too sad a picture to contain any of the elements of popularity, 'The Passing of the Farm' seems to me to be one of the most notable things that I have done. It is the outcome of my love for the country life of old New England; for many generations of my own people have been thoroughbred New Englanders, and my own youth was spent on the upland pastures of the Massachusetts hills. The pathos of the abandoned farm has always moved me deeply. I have been an enthusiastic collector of furniture, tools and costumes of those earlier days. The hand loom of my great great grandmother, the fireplace of a seventeenth-century house with all its accompanying furniture, or the old benches of a district school, worn smooth by the squirming of many a sturdy youngster, are all of great interest to me, and always with the thought of their pictorial value and significance."



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HOME-KEEPING HEARTS ARE HAPPIEST, BY W. L. TAYLOR

EDMUND C. TARBELL



IN Edmund Tarbell we acknowledge a master of "modern *genre*." His people and backgrounds are frankly related to the life of today. The women he poses so exquisitely, reading, or bending over a delicate bit of handiwork, are creatures of the moment, who, like as not, after their period of repose, will play a game of tennis, paddle a canoe, or preside at a well-appointed tea-table.

Even the pictures Tarbell painted in his student days have a look of freshness and modernity. This, in great part, is due to his superlative drawing. He is a master draughtsman, as well as a master of "design." As a layman would express it, "He puts his pictures together in a way that pleases." He knows how to arrange lines and angles that delight the eye. The oft-reproduced "Girl Crocheting" is one of a number of works that illustrate Tarbell's genius for composing figures in well-designed interiors, and in manipulating a quality of light and air that seems to envelop and permeate the objects it touches. Many of his admirers think that the tranquil and luminous canvas, "Girls Reading," is Tarbell at his best. Certainly he has never done a more subtle study in shadow and illumination, nor a more engaging group of gentlewomen at their ease. If it does not convey as true a sense of native home life as the interiors of Dutch masters, like Vermeer of Delft or Pieter de Hooghe, it nevertheless suggests these masters in sheer beauty and lustrous technic.

Quite a surprising number of our representative interpreters of American homes were born in New England. In West Groton, Massachusetts, Tarbell first opened his eyes on the world not quite sixty years ago. Before he had passed the kindergarten age he felt the urge to draw. "I always drew," he says. "When I got to be about ten, I decided to be an artist. In my modest way I decided that I was going to be the best one that ever lived." When the weather was too inclement to play out of doors, he was content to stay in and paint imaginary marines. At fifteen he quite deliberately "got himself expelled" from school, so he might give his youth to art. His mother wisely placed him in a Boston lithographic plant, where for three years he earned next to nothing, but had practical schooling in the mechanics of drawing and painting. Finally he was sent to art schools in Boston and Paris. For twenty-three years he was a guiding influence in the schools of drawing and painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He is now principal of the school of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington. During a crowded lifetime he has achieved portraits and interiors that have confirmed the opinion of fellow painters, critics, and the public, that Tarbell is among the ablest of living painters.



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GIRLS READING. BY EDMUND C. TAPPEL.



COURTESY OF THE ARTIST

THE JEWEL BOX, BY HENRY R. RITTENBERG

THE STORY OF "CHRISTMAS BELLS"

WE all know this beautiful picture. It is doubtful if any American painting has had a more popular vogue than Mr. Blashfield's "Christmas Bells." It is almost a "household picture." We give here the story of the origin of the great painting, as it comes directly from an interview with the artist.

At the time the picture was painted Mr. Blashfield was living in Paris. The study for the bells was made from those in Giotto's (jot'-to) tower, in Florence, and principally from the bells in the church of Saint Laumer, in Blois (France), which is now called the Church of St. Nicolas. As we leave the magnificent Château of Blois (blwah) we enter a lane and descend to the old abbey-church, which is the finest in Blois, built in 1138-1210.

Mr. Blashfield, when asked how he got the idea of the angels, turned to John Addington Symonds' charming "Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe," and pointed to the chapter entitled "Thoughts in Rome about Christmas," and read: "Angels, ever since the Exodus, played a first part in the visions of the Hebrew prophets and in the lives of their heroes. We know not what reminiscences of old Egyptian genii, what strange shadows of the winged beasts of Persia, flitted through their dreams. In the desert or under the boundless sky of Babylon these shapes became no less distinct than the precise outlines of Oriental scenery. They incarnated the vivid thoughts and intense longings of the prophets, who gradually came to give them human forms and titles. We hear of them by name as servants and attendants upon God, as guardians of nations, and patrons of great men. To the Hebrew mind the whole unseen world was full of spirits, active, strong, and swift of flight, of various aspect, and with power of speech. It is hard to imagine what the first Jewish

disciples and the early Greek and Roman converts thought of these great beings. To us the hierarchies of Dionysius, the services of the Church, the poetry of Dante and Milton, and the forms of art have made them quite familiar. Northern nations have appropriated the angels and invested

them with attributes alien to their Oriental origin. They fly through our pine forests and the gloom of cloud or storm; *they ride upon our clanging bells*, and gather in swift squadrons among the arches of Gothic cathedrals; we see them making light in the cavernous depth of woods where sun or moonbeams rarely pierce, and ministering to the wounded and weary; they bear aloft the censors of the mass; they sing in anthems of choristers, and live in strains of poetry and music; our churches bear their names; we call our children by their titles; we love them as our guardians, and the

whole unseen world is made a home to us by their imagined presence."

Mr. Blashfield read these beautiful words and visualized for all time as a master of painting what the master of English had written. We can almost hear the wild clang of the silver-tongued bells as they ring out the message of Christmas.

"Christmas Bells," as painted by Mr. Blashfield, is twelve by sixteen feet. It is hoped that sometime it will form a monument, in a museum, to his great technical skill as a painter, and to his conception of a lofty, poetic idea. The painting was exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1891, where it received international recognition as a most inspired picture, and also at our World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, where it was viewed by millions. Mr. Blashfield still has this picture, and its almost countless reproductions give him great pleasure; for it is, indeed, one of the great classics of American painting of the nineteenth century. —A. A. Hopkins



CHRISTMAS BELLS
BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD



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THE CHRISTEN- ING CAKE

A TREASURED
FAMILY TRADI-
TION OF THE OLD
SOUTH

Reproduced from the
picture by
W. L. TAYLOR

NOWHERE can we find more beautiful pictures of American home life than those made to illustrate Miss Laura Spencer Porter's tender, sympathetic sketches of old times in Virginia, published nearly twenty years ago. These lovely pictures of Mr. Taylor's have both Art and Heart in them. We reproduce two of them here with the following extracts from Miss Porter's text.

"THE CHRISTENING CAKE"

"At last the journey to White Sulphur has begun, but it was two weeks more before the Springs were reached, for in those days journeying in the South invariably meant visiting as well, and there were many homes on the road where the Exeter people must stop for a few days at least; for while the Tidewater families usually went inland to the mountains, to escape the unhealthy shore climate, the Piedmont people kept open house throughout the summer.

"One late summer day, when the maples and lindens and poplars of the Tidewater were taking on the first tinges of gold and crimson, there went up a shout from half a dozen barefooted little negroes playing at the great gate of Exeter.

"At the steps were Mammy and Uncle Ned bowing and smiling and giving welcome. There were guests, too, cousins from the upper James, who, having come a few days before, Mammy and Uncle Ned had urged to remain at Exeter until the return of Colonel Tom and his family; for Mammy and Uncle Ned, in those days of

simple ease and hospitality, like other trusted house servants, copied as nearly as they could the cordiality that they saw practised about them, and, in the absence of their people, dispensed a hospitality very little, if any, inferior to that of Colonel Tom and Miss Tom themselves.

"It was good to get back, thought Miss Tom and Miss Matilda. Mammy had put fresh flowers in every room; the polished halls and stairways looked cool and restful, and there was the old familiar odor of lavender in the sleeping-rooms. There were the arduous and exacting household and plantation duties to be taken up, but after the long summer's freedom they were, after all, even grateful.

"Miss Matilda went about making sure of everything, touching into place here and there a chair or picture. Miss Tom, with the little stitched-leather key-basket on her arm, went about among the house-servants and visited the quarters. There was stir and cheer in the cabins, for there were to be feast days soon—a christening, and later a wedding, with Tilly for the bride and Jeff for the lucky groom. This was to be a real 'sho-nuff gret-house weddin' in Marse Tom's big dining-room, with all the added splendor that that implied.

"Two days before the christening, Aunt Christian, personally supervising the huge christening cake, toiled upstairs with a big bowl of yellow cake batter, and took it to each member of the family from Colonel Tom to Baby Betty, that each one should

IN OLD VIRGINIA

MAMMY

A SCENE OF
TENDER HOME
SENTIMENT IN THE
DAYS "BEFORE
THE WAR"

Reproduced from the
picture by
W. L. TAYLOR



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stir it. It was then carried to the quarters, where the mothers of the children to be christened placed the little black hands of their babies about the clumsy wooden spoon handle and gave it a stir to bring the real christening-cake luck."

"MAMMY"

"'Honey, you looks tiahed,' Mammy said one night, laying logs on the fire in Miss Tom's room and brushing the hearth clean.

"The girl sat on a low hassock watching the blaze. Mammy stood with her hands on her hips, looking anxious; then she took the corner of her apron and wiped her lips absently. At last she let her hand drop with a low, hurt ejaculation:

"'Um-umph! de Jimmies ketch me, Honey! You cert'ny does favah your ma, honey, wen you looks a lil' peaked-lek; um-umph, you sholy does favah Miss Alice! You look jes' lek she look dat night she stan' tawkin' tuh hussef on de po'ch, lek I tole you.'

"Miss Tom took Mammy's rough hand and drew her to a chintz rockingchair.

"'Mammy, tell me about mother and about father.' She kept her hand on Mammy's lap and looked back in the fire.

"'Lor', honey, ain' I done tole y'everything? It was dat night I tole you 'bout aftuh Marse Tawm done lef' an' done tole huh, I reckon, hukkum he love huh. Marse Tawm cert'ny was owdacious in love wid Miss Alice, but den nigh on ever'buddy was in love wid Miss Alice. Ole Marse Jimmie

Peyton, dey do say, spile Marse Tawm scan'lous so's he reckon he jes' bleege tuh hev whut he tek de notion he's gwina hev. But Miss Alice she mek 'ten' lek she don' keer nuthin' for Marse Tawm. Dat was jes' Miss Alice's way. She cert'ny was proud, Miss Alice was. I recklec' huh standin' in de gyawdin' an' Marse Tawm a-beggin' huh fo' a lil' bitty jazmine she wo' in huh hyar—Miss Alice she did love de yalla crape jazmine, honey—I ain' hyar whut Miss Alice say, but I knowed twa' somethin' smawt an' uppity, 'cause my Miss Alice ain' gwina let nobuddy reckon she love um—dat she ain'. Miss Alice war'n no common sparrer tuh be caught wid hoe-cake crumbs. She'd abrek-huh hawt, Miss Alice would, 'fo' she'd a-let nobuddy git no idy she love um; yar, ma'am, honey, dat she woulda', lessen dey love huh turr'ble an' ra'r an' ta'r an' cyar on lek it was de Jedgmen'. Miss Alice sholy was proud, dat she was! Huh lil' bitty foot, as Marse Tawm could hole in de holler o' his han' wen he put huh on huh hoss, dat was proud; an' huh haid o'hyar dat nobuddy but me couldn' comb, sho! ain' she helt it proud! You lek huh, honey child, you sholy is lek huh. All de yong gemmin dey comes a-flockin' lek crows aroos'in, no matta whur you is, ner how fah, jes' lek Miss Alice. An' dey use tuh ride clar frum Richmon' one day, an' back de nex', lek Marse Co'tney an' Marse Shelly do now, jes' fo' to tech Miss Alice han', howdy!'"

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A MILLET OF THE MOUNTAINS

JAMES R. HOPKINS' PICTURES OF CUMBERLAND LIFE

JUST as we used to go to Paris for our style *motifs*, and demand the European stamp of approval on musical performers, so it was formerly the vogue for American artists to seek attractive subjects in foreign scenes and figures. Let a student go abroad to pursue his art education, and he lingered among the hedgerows of England and along Italian byways, forgetful of his own woods and pastures. A Breton interior, or a Spanish brigand often had greater charm for our painters than the types and natural beauties of their native land. Of late years, and particularly since the War, a number of our brushmen have returned from Europe to discover their own country. Our native art is consequently enriched by pictures of a new appeal—vigorous and truthful, and comprehensible to Americans through association and tradition.

Occasionally a chronicler of people and customs has the good fortune to find for himself a virgin locality, unpictured as yet by the members of his fraternity. This is what James R. Hopkins has done. Turned out of Paris by the War, after nine years' residence there, he came back to teach and paint in his home city, Cincinnati. During his first summer he went down into the Cumberland Mountains and set up his easel in the wildwoods. As had been his custom in France, he painted largely in the open air. But now his subjects were mountain people of veritable American ancestry, with individual modes of life and thought.

For several summers Mr. Hopkins returned to isolated communities in the highlands of Kentucky, working out fascinating studies of the lean, dark-skinned mountaineers, whom, with difficulty, he persuaded to pose. After a considerable

length of time his neighbors and their friends became less reserved, and finally they came for miles around, on foot and muleback, to look at the pictures he exhibited for their benefit on Sunday mornings.

Often, as he watched from his improvised studio, pictures seemed to form themselves from out the fantastic groups that passed and re-passed his door. And whitewashed buildings furnished effective backgrounds for men and women at work in their homes or on the steep hillsides. "Andy," the local preacher, came to town on weekdays to sell vegetables and poultry from his mountain farm. Mr. Hopkins used to stop him on his way to the store and sketch him as he leaned on the porch railing, with the light of the hot summer day filtering through the background of August leaves. A portrait of this same Andy, lounging against



CHILDREN OF THE CUMBERLAND

the woodshed, ax in hand, was purchased by the Art Institute at Chicago. Mounted on his speckled white mule, in Sunday shirt, and with his Bible under his arm, he was painted again, as he started out to make his circuit. In this picture, "The Mountain Preacher," Mr. Hopkins has to an extraordinary degree "accomplished the appearance of reality."

A "Mountain Courtship" is one of the most interesting canvases contributed by an American artist in recent years. Hopkins has been greatly praised for daring to paint his types exactly as he saw them. He might have made a heroic figure of the bridegroom, but to have done so would have been to sacrifice much of the picture's piquant and elusive appeal. The reality of his drawing—the wistfulness of the fiancée, the weak, good-humored face of the man she is to marry, the mother's stark stride—

the grimness of the group's intention, hold us quite enthralled. The artist saw the trio of the "Mountain Courtship" just as he was leaving one autumn, and during the winter made a sketch from memory of the striking composition. When he returned the next summer he showed the sketch to a number of persons until he identified the original of the mother, daughter and son-in-law—whom he then induced to pose for the picture.

The father of the two little girls who posed for "Children of the Cumberland" used to bring them in every day from their home three miles over the mountains. It was a new and happy experience for them. To amuse them and hold their attention the artist used to give his artless little sitters an orange. They were charmed by its vivid color, but, says Mr. Hopkins, "neither of them could be tempted to eat the strange food."

Mr. Hopkins is the first painter to record with distinction the ingenuous folk of the Cumberland Mountains, though fiction writers long ago discovered the picturesque mountain men and women of Kentucky and have made use of their lore in a variety of tales. The pictures of this Ohio painter are so vividly descriptive of the life of the mountaineers, in spirit as in fact, that they have an important place in the folk annals of America, as well as in the world of painters.

Mr. Hopkins, as yet in the morning of his career, began his art studies in Cincinnati under the guidance of the sterling artist, Frank Duveneck.

In 1904 he married Edna Boies, one of the best known wood block printers in the country. Her very charming prints demonstrate her distinctive



MOUNTAIN PREACHER

tive attainments as a colorist, and her knowledge of picture-making qualities made her a helpful co-worker to an artist husband.

A year's trip around the world, on their way to Paris, gave them breadth of interest through the study of the arts of Japan, China, Ceylon and Egypt. During the years that followed, Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins worked in their Paris studio during the winters and in the summers painted out of doors in the quaint villages of France, Italy and Switzerland.

Hopkins is now at the head of the classes left leaderless by the death of his former master, at the Cincinnati Art Academy. He has been honored at several international exhibitions for his portraits and ideal subjects, and is greatly admired by technicians for his gift of composition and design. His style is original and telling, without making an excessive appeal to emotion. He subjugates sentiment to the pattern he sets out to make, yet with stirring results.

To most of us this Ohio artist will be longest remembered for his compellingly human studies of the Kentuckian in his mountain home.

—Clement King



MOUNTAIN COURTSHIP

THE "NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS" HOUSE

IS there an American of any age who has not thrilled and for that matter, who does not still thrill, when the Yuletide season spirit is in the air, at the recital of the verses beginning:

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house,

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

Yet how many of us know the poem's association with New York—know that it was penned in a house far over near the North River, in what was once Old Chelsea? The author of "The Night Before Christmas" was Clement Clarke Moore, who writing it in December, 1822, was well on in life before he was forced re-

luctantly to the realization that upon these verses, dashed lightly off in an idle hour, his chief claim to lasting fame rested.

Clement Clarke Moore was born in New York July 15, 1779. His father was the second Protestant Episcopal bishop of the Diocese of New York, and the third President of Columbia College. He had assisted at Washington's inauguration. The son was graduated from Columbia in 1798, and was educated for the ministry. He never, however, took orders, devoting himself to Oriental and classical literature. In 1809, at thirty years of age, he published the first Hebrew and Greek Lexicon that had ever been brought out in America. It was necessary to send to Philadelphia to find the Hebrew characters. In 1818 Professor Moore gave the ground in Chelsea Village on which the General Theological Seminary still stands. He was appointed professor of Biblical learning in the Seminary in 1821, and served the institution for nearly thirty years. He died in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1863.

The Chelsea farm extended from Nineteenth Street to Twenty-fourth Street, and from Eighth Avenue to the Hudson River. The Manor house in which the famous Christmas poem was written stood on a hill between what is now Twenty-second and Twenty-third Streets, west of Ninth Avenue and sloping down to the river bank,

which was then at Tenth Avenue. The picture of the mansion, reproduced in gravure, is from a drawing made by a daughter of the house.

"The Night Before Christmas" was written December 23, 1822. There was visiting at the Manor house a Troy girl, a Miss Butler. She was more impressed by the verses than was Moore's family,

for whom they were written. The author had first heard the story of St. Nicholas and his reindeers from a rubicund Dutchman who lived near the house of Bishop Moore when Clement was a boy. The Dutchman had, years before, brought the legend with him from Holland, and Moore served it up in verse for the amusement of the children gathered about the fireside.

The next year Miss Butler was in her Troy home. She had either written or memorized the poem, and thinking it should be preserved, sent it to a local paper, the *Troy Sentinel*, in which it was printed December 23, 1823, just a year to a day after the writing. The poem was copied by paper after paper, quoted and commented upon in the magazines. It was some years before the author could be induced to father it. It was another fame for which he had hoped; a fame based upon sound learning and scholarship. Instead, he is known to the world for his

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"
—Arthur B. Maurice



From a drawing made many years ago by one of the daughters of the family

IN THIS MANSION OF OLD-TIME NEW YORK, CLEMENT MOORE WROTE THE LINES THAT WILL FOREVER KEEP HIS NAME GREEN IN THE HEARTS OF AMERICAN CHILDREN

WHO IS SANTA CLAUS?

THE most popular saint in the calendar, and the most widely venerated, is St. Nicholas, who has in his special charge the happiness and welfare of boys and girls. The birthday of the benevolent saint, December sixth, is celebrated all over the Christian world, but particularly by the children of Greece, Italy, Russia and Holland.

The sainted Nicholas began his career of kindly deeds when he was a bishop in Asia Minor, in the fourth century. It was he, says tradition, that inspired the custom of hanging up the Christmas stocking. The good man, hearing of the poverty of a nobleman and his three daughters, dropped through an open window three purses of gold, one for each daughter.

It happened that a stocking was so hung that the purses fell into it, and they were found there in the morning. Another version says he let the gold fall down the chimney.

As the centuries passed and the legend of St. Nicholas expanded, he became associated in the minds of children with gift-giving, and with the gift-giving season at the end of the year. Gradually Father Christmas became synonymous with St. Nicholas, whose name the Dutch contracted to "Santa Claus." In Holland, on the eve before the name-day of St. Nicholas, children are conducted by their parents from one shop to another to choose the presents their patron is to bring on the morrow. In the old university town of Utrecht, Santa Claus rides forth on a white horse on the "Strewing Eve." He is supposed to have

come from his home in faraway Spain, attended by a black servant. Dressed as a bishop in miter and robe, he carries saddlebags full of gifts that are to be distributed the next day. Piet, the swarthy attendant, runs alongside carrying sweets promised to

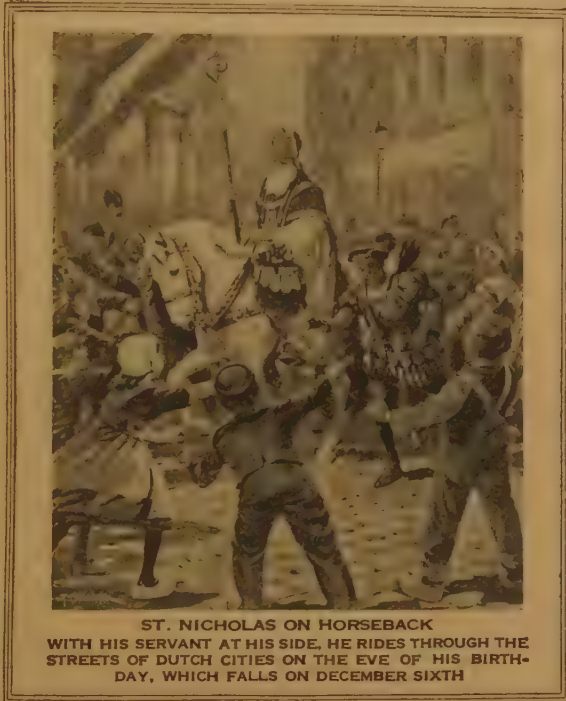
good children, and a birch rod for naughty ones—and a bag to hold them.

During the night, after the joyous pageant of St. Nicholas' passing, the distribution of toys and candies is made, and then the children's friend vanishes for another year. Christmas Day in Holland is reserved for grown-ups, and is given over to religious observation and family reunions.

During the first century of New England colonial life, Santa Claus was far from the

popular personage he became under Dutch regime in New Amsterdam. Even the religious observance of Christmas was frowned on by the Puritans, and its celebration, like that of all holy days, was forbidden by law. We read that "the very name of Christmas smacked to the worthy New Englanders of incense and monkish jargon." In some parts of colonial New England—such as old Narragansett—families made merry with feasting and visiting, but they were members of the Church of England and unbiased against the forms of Christmastide.

Santa Claus was introduced to American children by way of Dutch New York, or New Amsterdam. To them and to their British cousins the jolly old gift-strewing saint makes his visits, not on his own birthday, but nineteen days later, on the anniversary of the Child of Bethlehem.



ST. NICHOLAS ON HORSEBACK
WITH HIS SERVANT AT HIS SIDE, HE RIDES THROUGH THE
STREETS OF DUTCH CITIES ON THE EVE OF HIS BIRTH-
DAY, WHICH FALLS ON DECEMBER SIXTH

BLOOMS OF CHRISTMASTIDE

WHEN we hang wreaths of glossy leaves and jolly red berries, and deck our homes with mistletoe and evergreens, with poinsettia and the shaggy chrysanthemum, we are carrying on a tradition handed down from pagan times. Most of the customs we observe at this year-end season have their root in festivals that originally had no association with Christmas. The "mystic mistletoe" was held in solemn veneration by the forest-loving Druids. At the great feast of Saturn, celebrated in December by the Romans, the dedicatory blossom was the holly. So it came about that Christians, to avoid suspicion and persecution, used to hang sprays of holly in their homes at the season when they commemorated the Birth of Christ. And, in time, the holly branch became a symbol of Christmas.

No one knows how many centuries ago maidens and their swains, standing beneath a pendant bough, first plucked the snowy berries of the mistletoe—a berry for each kiss. When the berries were all gathered,

antique custom ordained that the privilege of kissing should cease.

The latest arrival among our Christmas flowers is the brilliant poinsettia, named for an American diplomatist, Dr. Joel Poinsett, who brought the first plant from South America to his home in Charleston, South Carolina, about sixty years ago. As ancient in its lineage as any flower that grows is the gorgeous chrysanthemum—emperor of blooms. If we seek the beginnings of this flower, we must go back to the earliest horticultural literature of China and Japan. Confucius, born five centuries before Christ, extolled the chrysanthemum. A

grower that lived in the fourth century after the Christian era was so successful and famous that the city of his birth was called "Chrysanthemum City."

The most coveted order of Japan, bestowed only on exalted personages, has for its emblem the chrysanthemum. The crest and seal of the Mikado is a conventionalized design of the same flower. Renowned in legend and history, the chrysanthemum appears in lacquer and porcelain ware, ivory and bronze ornaments, and rich embroideries.

Europeans that found their way to the Orient, on business or pleasure, about three and a half centuries ago, first saw and described the flower in its numerous varieties. Incoming tea vessels brought to French and English ports the first cuttings. Before long, the chrysanthemum rivaled the rose and carnation in popularity. Thousands of varieties developed by modern growers, and measuring up to eight inches in diameter, now grace the gardens of Europe and America. At annual shows, societies devoted to the propagation of the species exhibit with spectacular display this many-hued flower, that comes to cheer us when skies are gray, and our gardens are bare of other blossoms. From Druid and Roman and from the resplendent Orient we inherit the festal flowers of Christmastide.



*"Oh! holly branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes where'er we go.
* * * * *
The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be."*



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

SHARES WITH THE HOLLY, THE LOG AND THE TREE IN MAKING OUR HEARTHSIDES BRIGHT AT CHRISTMAS TIME

YULETIDE FEASTING

ROAST meats and poultry, pudding and pie have from time immemorial made up the holiday feast.

In the days of Norse mythology, the good god Frey, who granted the gifts of sun and rain, and dispensed the fruits of the earth, was offered the head of a sacred boar, whose golden bristles typified the rays of the sun. The Yuletide was the season when ancient peoples celebrated the "birthday of the sun," after the winter solstice. They feasted in honor of the giver of light and life, and many of the dishes have come down to us through the ages.

*Three days his Yuletide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests*

sings Longfellow of the mighty King Olaf's Christmas.

In England's baronial halls, in the middle centuries, the boar's head was the principal dish of ceremony at the Christmas celebration. Borne in on a gold or silver platter, its entry was announced by trumpeting and the song of mummers. The head of the household, before thrusting in the carving knife, swore fealty to his family and took oath to fulfil his obligations to his fellowmen.

Second only to the boar's head at the Christmas dinner of medieval days was the peacock, made into a pie, or stuffed with herbs and roasted with the skin drawn on, and head and tail displayed in all their pristine glory. On American tables the turkey and the goose substituted the wild boar and the peacock. Virginia and New England colonists first set the fashion that we of later days follow. Says Laurence Hutton, "Our Christmas trees appear to have come from the East; our Santa Claus from Holland; our Christmas cards, our Yule-logs, our boars' heads, our plum puddings and our mince pies from England. The turkey is our only contribution."

Reversing the present order, plum pudding, or "plum porridge," used to be served at the beginning of the dinner. It was less a dessert then than a hearty dish of meats baked in dough. The pastry cooks that

first made mince pies symbolized in the variety of their ingredients the offerings made by the Wise Men to the Christ Child, and they shaped the crust in oblong form to simulate the manger in which He lay.

There was an old tradition that a mince pie eaten in twelve different houses during the twelve days following Christmas would bring a happy month apiece in the succeeding year. . . . Twelve months of happiness rashly earned, we should esteem them!

In many provinces of France, Christmas cakes have shapes that represent the Holy Babe, and, in Flanders, cakes baked at the Yuletide are adorned with a figure of the Christ, wrought in colored sugar. A corn loaf called the "Yule Boar" stands on the table in Scandinavian homes throughout the festal season. All over Europe, cakes of special significance and design appear at Christmas time, from the currant loaf of Italian homes to the wafers of flour and water exchanged among friends in Poland, in about the same way that we send out Christmas greeting cards.



BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD
FROM A PAINTING BY H. S. MARKS



THE BIRD OF THE SEASON
A MOST SUCCESSFUL CREATION IN BRONZE BY ALBERT
LAESSELE, EXHIBITED AT THE PANAMA PACIFIC EXPO-
SITION, IN SAN FRANCISCO

A CITY OF DARKNESS AND LIGHT

IN the Straits of Magellan is the southernmost city of the world. Its name is Punta Arenas (pronounced *poonta aray-nas*), which is Spanish for Sandy Point. It has a population of about 17,000 and is one of the most prosperous cities of its size—chiefly through its sheep and wool industries. It has been tersely and picturesquely described by an old time globe-trotter as “the lowest-down city on earth; it has, during its winter months, a night life unequaled in fullness of activity even by that of Paris, London or New York, for it has only two hours of daylight in the twenty-four.”

By way of compensation, these two hours of daylight stretch out to twenty-two hours in the South American summer. Though facing the South Pole, and far too near it to suit our ideas of comfort, the folks in Punta Arenas enjoy life in much the same ways that we do, and they have plenty of money to enjoy it with. They have theaters, movie palaces, and other places of amusement—and the people, made up of Spanish, English, French, German and American, see shows, ride, play, dine, and dance the “one-step,” “hesitation,” and all the latest steps in vogue with us. There are millionaires in the town, and autocars of varied make, from the fast-flying Fiats to Ford “fivvers.”

During the past month Punta Arenas has been celebrating, with appropriate ceremonies and festivities, the 400th anniversary of Ferdinand Magellan’s trip through the straits that bear his name. Magellan, or, more correctly, Magalhães, was a naturalized Spanish subject, who persuaded Emperor Charles V. to support him in his great world venture. He believed that he

could do what Columbus had not done—find a western water route to the Spice Islands of India. Like Columbus, he did not accomplish the purpose for which he set out, but something greater. Columbus found a new continent; Magellan circumnavigated the globe.

With a fleet of small vessels, Magellan left Spain in September, 1519. After many hardships in the cold southern climate, and daring feats of seamanship, mutinies by some of his crews, and fights with natives of Patagonia, he finally, in October, 1520, found one of the entrances to the straits at the southernmost part of South America.

This was the real beginning of Magellan’s achievement. He continued his voyage over the uncharted waters of the ocean, which he named the Pacific, and finally reached the Philippine Islands. Here the great discoverer was slain, and the completion of the circumnavigation of the globe and the return to Spain was accom-

plished by his chief lieutenant, Sebastian Del Cano. Magellan did not live to enjoy the fruits of success, but his memory will endure.

Apart from its historical interest, the celebration in Punta Arenas is expected to be of practical value in stimulating and building up local interests and foreign trade. The opening of the Panama Canal naturally led to a decrease in the number of ships calling at the southernmost port, although the industries of the surrounding country have continued in a flourishing condition. Important construction activities will be begun for the welfare of the province, and it is expected that the prosperity of the far south city will be maintained.



A HOME OF WEALTH
PUNTA ARENAS



A CENTRAL SQUARE
IN PUNTA ARENAS, THE CITY “FARTHEST SOUTH”

THE MENTOR SERVICE

* *On this page we print such questions and answers selected from our daily mail as seem to have a general interest.

Question. What makes a star, or any light at a great distance, twinkle?

Answer. The twinkling (scintillation) of a distant point of light is due to the differences in the refractive power of the various moving masses of warm and cold air through which the area of light passes. These masses have different densities and hence differ in the extent to which they bend a ray of light from its course. The same effect may be produced by moving a pane of glass containing "bubbles" between your eye and a light.

Question. I have read a poem entitled "*Vitae Lampada*." What do those words mean?

Answer. They are Latin words and mean "torches of life." The expression can be found in the line of Lucretius, "*quasi cursores vitae lampada tradunt*," which means "as the runners pass on the lamps of life." It is a figure of speech borrowed from the ancient torch race, in which one runner would deliver his torch to the next runner to carry forward. "*Vitae Lampada*" as a phrase means "the light of life," and in this sense it has been used by a number of poets.

Question. What is the Russell Sage Foundation?

Answer. The Russell Sage Foundation is a corporation established for the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States. The foundation does not attempt to relieve individual or family needs, but aims to remove the causes of social distress, poverty, disease, and so on. It was established in 1907 by Mrs. Russell Sage. The Foundation has built several handsome buildings in New York for housing the departments of their charitable work.

Question. What is "The House of Mirth"?

Answer. "The House of Mirth" is the name of a novel written by Mrs. Edith Wharton that attracted considerable attention a number of years ago. It is the story of a beautiful young woman of social standing in New York, who lacked the money to keep in the social swim. The book gives a clear, illuminating picture of the processes at work in the young woman's nature as she contends with the difficult social problems that she finds it necessary to meet. It is a remarkable story of the price that has to be paid by social aspirants who are either climbing the citadel of high society or else clinging desperately to its walls. The book, like all of Mrs. Wharton's work, has great literary distinction, and is well worth reading for its style as well as its story.

Question. Who was "Pheidippides"?

Answer. "Pheidippides" is the name of a well-known poem written by Browning. Pheidippides was a young Greek who might be referred to as the Paul Revere of the Golden Age of Greece. He ran to

Athens to warn the city of a planned assault by the Persians. He is described in the poem by Browning as one

*Who could race like a god,
Bear a face like a god,
Whom a god (Pan) loved so well.*

Question. How did the aristocratic classes come to be called "blue-blooded"?

Answer. We have read that the term "blue-blooded" was derived from the fact that the skin of finely bred people of many generations (such as royalty and nobles are supposed to be) is delicate and white, as a rule, and the veins, which carry the blue blood to the heart for purification, show more plainly under their white skin than under the presumably thicker skin of lower classes, for instance.

Question. Where do we find the line, "The light that never was on sea or land"?

Answer. It comes from the English poet Wordsworth. The words are quoted from a poem inspired by seeing a painting of Peele Castle in a storm, and the familiar lines are

*The light that never was on sea or land
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.*

Question. Who is David Grayson?

Answer. David Grayson is Ray Stannard Baker, well known for a number of years as a member of the editorial staff of McClure's Magazine, and the author of stirring articles on political, commercial and economical topics. He made himself known first as a strong and fearless writer. His health gave way, and he went to the country to lead a simple life. He then took on the name "David Grayson" and began a new era in his career as an author, writing essays and novels filled with the things of simple country life, and with tender, human philosophy. He has now gone back to journalism.

Question. Why do leaves turn color in the Fall?

Answer. The autumnal coloration of leaves is due to the chemical decomposition of the chlorophyll, or green coloring matter of the plant. This breaks up into pigments of various other colors, which differ according to their distribution in various plants and various parts of plants.

Question. What does the word "Mathontese" mean?

Answer. You have evidently attempted to put in English letters the Greek word "*math-ay-tace*." This is the Greek for pupil or student. It means, in English, freely translated, "a seeker after knowledge." As a reader of *The Mentor* you are quite justified in assuming the title of "Mathatace."

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

A little Christmas legend, a century old at least, comes to me as a vagrant memory from some odd volume read years ago. I simply give it a modern setting.

Late on Christmas eve, Selfmade sat by his fireside alone. His wife and children were asleep in their rooms. Selfmade had assured their happiness on the coming morning with presents piled high about the Christmas tree. And now, this hour of quiet was his own.

He should have been happy and content, but a vague, haunting desire was in his heart, and his mind was ill at ease.

"What is it that I want?" he asked himself. "Why am I not fully satisfied?"

"You have given *yourself* nothing for Christmas."

Selfmade raised his eyes quickly from the fire. The speaker sat in a chair opposite him. He was no stranger, this visitor. His face was so familiar, that Selfmade, though unable to recall his name, recognized him as an old acquaintance. His presence there seemed natural enough. The library door was open, and Selfmade had been too much absorbed to notice his entrance.

"Given myself nothing?" Selfmade echoed. "My friend, you are wrong. I have given myself a successful year."

"Then, why are you not fully satisfied?"

Selfmade shook his head in silence.

"See!" said the Visitor. "I have brought you a gift."

From beneath his coat he drew forth a round hand-mirror of quaint design. The reflecting surface was not glass, but polished metal, with shifting gray-green shades of color, like dull opal.

Selfmade gazed curiously into it.

"What do you see there?" asked the Visitor.

"Nothing but my image," answered Selfmade, holding the mirror at arm's length.

"Look closer—now, what do you see?"

The cloudy tints in the mirror's depths gathered slowly into letters that spelled out words on the forehead of Selfmade's reflected face. Then he read:

"What have I achieved in life?"

"My life speaks for itself!" exclaimed

Selfmade. "Success—and a happy home."

"Success indeed, for you and yours. But read again," said the Visitor.

The shadowy forms shifted in the mirror and new words assembled.

"Have I ever served my fellow men?"

Selfmade turned the mirror down.

"I have worked hard for years," he said. "I have been a just man. I have paid for all I got, and I have cheated no one."

"Is the world a bit better for your being here?" asked the Visitor.

"Many men have benefited by my success."

"Yes—in using them, you helped them. And now you are successful, yet not satisfied. You ask yourself why. The questions in that mirror are reflections of your own thoughts. The answer, too, is in yourself."

"How can I find that answer?" asked Selfmade. "What do I lack?"

"A Vision beyond yourself," answered the Visitor. "A Vision of Service. The World has, so far, been, to you, only a field of selfish striving and selfish gain. The World today cries out for able men like you to solve its problems and to lend a helping hand to its weaker children. Raise the mirror and look once more."

Selfmade's eyes eagerly sought the opal depths, and read there in clear letters:

"Where there is no Vision the people perish."

He studied the words intently and in silence for some time. Then he rose quickly and crossed the hearth.

"Who are you who tell me of Service to my fellow men?" he exclaimed. "If you have Vision let me see it reflected here."

Selfmade thrust the mirror before the Visitor's face and peered into it over his shoulder.

There was but one reflection in the metal disk—the image of Selfmade's face alone. He gazed steadfastly into his own eyes, and read there a Christmas message of broad humanity that he had never known before.

Then the mirror faded from view, and he sank into the chair in which his Visitor had been seated. He had seen the Vision and understood.

W. S. Moffat

The Spirit of "Christmas Bells"

When we asked Mr. A. A. Hopkins, a close personal friend of Mr. Blashfield, to get from the artist the story of "Christmas Bells," he brought us not only the article printed in this number, but the following extract from Tennyson's poem "In Memoriam," which, he said, was eloquently expressive of the spirit of the painting.—Editorial Note.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.
Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on meed and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound;
Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill to all mankind.
This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:
But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controlled me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

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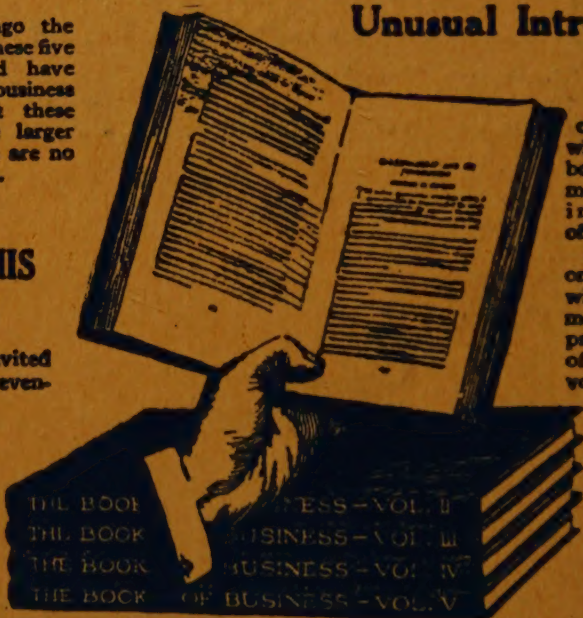
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